THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 25, 1805.

Sketch of the late eminent Physician, Dr. De Valangin.

THE subject of this sketch, Francis Joseph Pahud de Valangin, M. D. of the college of physicians, London, &c. was born at Berne, in Switzerland, about the year 1719 or 1720, and studied physic at Leyden under the celebrated Boerhaave. Though educated in this line of life, it was not originally his intention to follow it as a profession, his connexions* having led him to look for advancement in a different career. Towards the end of George the Second's reign, he kissed that king's hand on receiving some diplomatic appointment to the court of Madrid; but on the retreat of his patron from administration, about the same time, Mr. de Valangin declined the intended honour, and soon after recurred to medicine, which he thence-forward adopted as a profession, and fixed his abode in Soho-square. In 1768 he published "A Treatise on Diet, or the Management of Human Life, by Physicians called the Six Nonnaturals," &c. 8vo.

Having removed to Fore-street, Cripplegate, he soon acquired a very extensive addition to his practice. About 1772 he purchased some ground near White Conduit-fields, and erected on it a house extensive in its conveniences, but fanciful enough in construction, being built on a plan laid down by himself. To this spot he gave the name of Hermes Hill. Pentonville had not then begun to be built; and this was almost the only dwelling near to the spot, except White Conduit-house. His pursuit of all the branches of knowledge connected with his profession was sedulous in the extreme; and the result was, a disco-

* His mother stood in some degree of relationship to the prince of Orange.

very of several simple preparations which he found of great service in particular cases; one of which named The Balsam of Life, he presented to Apothecaries-hall, where it is still sold with his name. Besides his diploma from the royal college of physicians of London, Dr. de Valangin had, unsolicited, received others from Scotland, Holland, and Switzerland.

For some favour conferred (but what we do not learn), he was presented by the worshipful company of lorimers with the livery of that corporation, and twice served the office of master. By his first wife he had three children, of whom two sons are still living, and a daughter died at nine years of age, who was buried by her father's directions in his garden at Hermes Hill. He married, secondly, about 1782, the widow of an eminent surveyor and builder, who had recovered 1000l. for breach of promise of marriage from a person who had made her that offer, but broke his word. She was a native of Shering, in Essex; and her sister married and survived Mr. Sandford, brewer, of Newington. Dr. de Valangin had a particular taste for music and painting; in the former art he was not an unsuccessful performer; and, if we mistake not, has left behind him some remarks on the theory of composition. His paintings, which formed a very choice collection, have been dispersed by sale, according to the directions of his will.

Though far advanced in life, Dr. de Valangin's end was hastened, or perhaps prematurely brought on, by an accident. On the 2d of January last, alighting from his carriage at Hampstead, the ground being frosty, he slipped and fell; and, though not imediately confined in consequence, sustained an injury that he predicted would shorten his life. This prediction was verified on the 5th of March, 1805, after four days confinement to his bed, on the 3d of which he ruptured a blood-vessel. He was interred in a family-vault in Cripplegate church, to which the remains of his daughter before-mentioned had been removed the preceding day. As a physician, he was kind and consolatory in the extreme, and beloved by his patients of every class and degree. To those in the humbler walks of life, it was his constant custom to regulate the acceptance of his fees by their presumed ability to afford them; and the poor were always welcome to his gratuitous assistance. In a word, Dr. de Valangin was the friend of mankind, and an honour to his profession.

An ANECDOTE.

WHEN Garrick shewed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c. at Hampton Court, what ideas did it awaken in the mind of that great and good man! Instead of

of a flattering compliment which was expected, " Ah! David, David, David," said the doctor, (clapping his hand upon the little man's shoulder) " these are the things, David, which make *a death-bed terrible.*

Clifford and Louisa: Or the Evils of the Vice of Gaming.

A True Story.

(Concluded from Page 909.

THE calmness of Clifford's manner appeased Louisa's apprehensions, and lulled her into a sort of flattering security, more hoped for than well founded. He had immediately followed Lord Dorset, who at first would have avoided him, but Clifford's passion, heightened by the insults his wife had just received, knew no bounds; and, after upbraiding him as the author of all his misfortunes, as the base contriver of a villainous plot, and, lastly as a mean coward, Lord Dorset agreed to meet him the next morning. Clifford, wished for no delay, but Lord Dorset insisted upon it. Clifford, with almost every wretched feeling that could assail the heart of man, returned home, according to his promise. In the evening he made a will, leaving his poor wife every thing that remained after his debts of *honour—dishonour* I might call them—were paid; he had few others. Early the next morning he sat out to meet Lord Dorset, taking a friend with him. They met near the Bird-cage-walk, in the park. Lord Dorset was to fire first, and did so in the air. Clifford *took aim*, but missed. The seconds proposed an adjustment, and urged it strongly—but Clifford was inflexible. Lord Dorset fired again, and Clifford fell. They thought him killed, but soon found he was alive; the ball had penetrated his side. Mr. Lawrence, the gentleman who had been his second, went to his house to prepare Mrs. Clifford for the dreadful scene. She had risen, and her heart foreboded the event, upon finding that her husband had gone out early. Mr. Lawrence sent up his name, requesting to be admitted; he found her pale and trembling, and seemingly waiting for a recital of the miserable termination. When she heard it related, which was done in the most gentle manner possible, she fell on her knees, and with uplifted eyes implored support, in that trying moment. The pious prayer seemed to have gained assent, and, though the picture of woe, she stood collected, and ready to receive her dying husband. When he was brought in, he shewed scarcely any signs of life; he was put to bed; Mr. Hunter and another eminent surgeon attended; they declared that, though the wound was a very dangerous one, if the ball

could be extracted, Mr. Clifford might recover. Poor Louisa, upon this distant hope felt a kind of distracted joy, which rose to agony, and it was more difficult to compose her than at first; her extreme agitation made the medical gentlemen desirous of keeping her out of her husband's room, but no entreaties could prevail upon her to be absent for five minutes; she watched in a chair by his bedside, continually breathing the most fervent prayers for his recovery: he had been insensible the whole day. In the evening the surgeons insisted upon Louisa's absence, being determined to make an effort for extricating the ball; she retired to an adjoining room, and upon hearing the groans of Clifford, rushed into his chamber; the ball was at that moment extracted, and one of the surgeons told her so, intreating her to withdraw again, telling her they had hopes of Mr. Clifford's life, provided he was kept perfectly quiet and undisturbed. Poor Louisa tottered back again, and then sunk upon the floor. She lay some time before they could recover her; when recovered, Mr. Hunter assured her that a great deal now depended upon Mr. Clifford's being kept perfectly quiet, declaring, that if any thing occurred to cause agitation, nothing could save him, and strenuously advised her to keep out of the room, as even the sight of her might affect him, and be fatal. This remonstrance had the desired effect. She well knew that every thing that superior skill and humanity could do, would be done by Mr. Hunter, and she promised to keep in the adjoining apartment, if she were permitted to go occasionally to the door to make inquiries after him.

Many days, many dismal days, passed, when at times Louisa was almost driven to despair, and at other times supported with the hopes of her beloved husband's recovery; to have the existence of one so dear suspended by a single thread; to feel that the next minute might probably deprive her of what alone gave value to her life; to hear his groans; to know him insensible and lost to every thing; to be certain that, should his reason return, the severest misery of mind must as certainly return with it, together with self-reproach for the ruin, in which those most justly dear to him were now involved; what could have supported Louisa under such accumulated distress and anxiety—but assistance from Heaven? She was supported—and about the eighth day the surgeons told her that they found a considerable amendment in the wound, and in the pulse of Clifford; but charged her, as she valued his life, not to appear or go near him when his senses first returned. In the evening of that day he said faintly, "Where am I?" an elderly woman, who had lived the chief part of her life in Louisa's family, was at his bedside, and said, "that she hoped he was better;" he complained of being thirsty, and she gave him something to drink, and he immediately after went into a quiet sleep which lasted several hours.

hours. Poor Louisa sobbed for joy, and sat at the bottom of the room. When Clifford awoke he again asked, where he was, the same person answered, " In your own bed :" he then said, " Where is my wife ? the nurse replied, that she was very well, but not up ; " Oh ! let me see her," he faintly exclaimed ; the nurse told him that the physician had ordered him to be kept quiet. " Tell me," he cried, " do not deceive me ; how is my wife ? I will see her :" the nurse assured him he should do so, almost immediately, fearing to agitate him by a refusal.

Louisa had resolution not to come forward, but in ecstacy immediately sent for one of the surgeons who lived very near ; when he arrived, Clifford entreated to know the particulars of what had happened, and to learn truly if his wife were alive. The surgeon soon satisfied him, by relating every particular, but urged him to postpone seeing Mrs. Clifford, 'till he was better able to bear the agitation such a meeting might produce ; but he insisted upon seeing her, promising not to agitate himself, otherwise he should not be persuaded she was alive, and should suffer much more from his apprehensions ; at last the surgeon consented to let him see her at a distance, provided he would not speak to her. Clifford consented to this arrangement—and Louisa was brought to the bottom of the room, but charged not to speak ; the bed curtains were thrown open, and Clifford saw her—but complied with his promise ; he continued mending, and the next day was urgent to see her again.

The precautions that had been taken were certainly wise, and had prevented in some degree the agitation to be expected from their first interview. He was now allowed to speak to her : she fell upon her knees by his bedside, but endeavoured, as much as possible, to suppress her feelings : " Can you, can you forgive me," he fervently, though faintly, exclaimed. " Oh ! Clifford ?" she replied, " speak not of forgiveness—dearly beloved Clifford—Heaven has heard my humble fervent prayers, and you will live, and we shall still be happy. Clifford gave a deep groan—the surgeons interfered, and insisted upon her withdrawing, the necessity of which she saw, and immediately complied with. Clifford most unwillingly parted with her, but at last submitted to do so.

From this time he recovered fast ; and in about six weeks he was able to arrange his affairs, parted with his house in town, and, indeed, every luxury he possessed—and had only four hundred a year left out of nearly six thousand ; with this he retired to a cottage, with about twenty acres of land : the situation was beautiful, and Louisa was happy, surrounded by her children, whose education was her delight and amusement.

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The house stood in a garden, with some beautful fields adjoining, where they made hay and fed sheep; they had a dairy and poultry-yard, and made as much of their little farm as was possible. Two or three years passed in this manner; but Clifford's health had suffered in consequence of his wound: and, though he endeavoured to banish, for the sake of his family, unavailing regrets, his mind, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, took such frequent retrospections, that it by degrees undermined his constitution, and brought on a decline.

Louisa saw its approaches with the most poignant sorrow, and urged him to try change of air. To please her, he consented to go to Bristol; but, as he did not derive any benefit from that place, he wished, after being there a few weeks, to return home. He had not been there many days before a great change for the worse took place: and, one morning, after having been in the garden for a little air, he desired to be led into his bed-chamber: sitting down upon a sofa, he took Louisa's hand—his countenance shewed what he meant to prepare her for, a faintness came over him—extending his arms, "Oh! my Louisa," he cried, "I know your goodness—my wronged, yet my ever beloved, Louisa, I know that goodness forgives the injuries that I have done you, but I have never been able to forgive myself. I go from you in the prime of life—I am torn from you, and from my dear children, a victim to folly and irresolution. I charge you, my Louisa, I require and urge you, at this solemn moment to impress, in the most forcible manner possible, upon the minds of our children, the evils that are the inevitable consequence of giving way to that most destructive of vices—gaming. It has no excuse; every man may, at first, resist it, without doing any violence to his inclinations; but, if not at first resisted, the fatal propensity increases 'till it becomes irresistible, and banishes from the heart, rendered callous to every other enjoyment, all the feelings that do honour to human nature—and seldom fails to substitute, in their stead, anxiety, misery, and remorse. I am, alas! a wretched instance of these fatal truths, which, I trust, you will not fail to represent to these dear innocents, whom I have so cruelly and so wickedly injured. And now—farewell—as you have loved me—as you will, I well know, love my memory, unworthy as I have been, I charge you to exert yourself: remember our children, the children of your Clifford—your ever-loved—your once not unworthy Clifford, claims it of you. My fate is just—that I am penitent, most truly penitent, for all my offences, Heaven, that has witnessed the pangs of remorse I have suffered, knows; and as a sincere Christian, and a penitent sinner, I hope for future pardon.—My Louisa, my ——." Articulation failed him, his lips quivered, he sunk on the sofa: and, a few hours after, this melancholy

melancholy scene, the poor unfortunate Clifford breathed his last.

Louisa's misery it is impossible to describe—but time, religion, and anxiety for her children's welfare, at last conquered her grief, so far as to bring her mind into that tranquil state as to enable her to do her duty by them.

ACCOUNT *of a* GRAND NAVAL FUNERAL *in* 1672.

THE funeral honours, intended for the respected and regretted hero of the British isles, Lord Nelson, induce us to give the following account of the solemn interment of the earl of Sandwich, who, in the 17th century, fell also a victim in the cause of his country. It is copied from the London Gazette of July 4, 1672.

Whitehall, July 3.

This day was performed the interment of the Right Hon. Edward earl of Sandwich,* whose body was taken up at sea, after the late engagement of his majesty's fleet with the Dutch, in which this noble earl so extraordinarily signalized his courage and conduct, that his majesty, out of a high sense of his honour and memory, was pleased to order his interment to be at his majesty's expence; whereupon, all things being prepared for the proceeding from Deptford, where the body was taken out of one of his majesty's yachts, it was in the following order:

1st. A mourning barge covered with black cloth, on which were the standard and guidon, borne by two gentlemen of quality, two officers of arms, trumpets and drums, all in mourning.

A second barge, also covered with cloth, in which were six officers of arms, in their coats, bearing the coats of arms, helm and crest, and sword, target, gauntlet, and spurs of the defunct; the great banner being placed at the head of the barge.

A third barge covered with velvet, in which was the body, covered with a large sheet and pall of velvet, adorned with escutcheons, and an earl's coronet upon a velvet cushion at the head, six bannerets being fastened at the outside of the barge; at the head was the flag of the union, and at the stern six trumpets with banners; the top of the barge was adorned with six plumes

* The battle of Solebay, in which the earl of Sandwich was killed, was fought on the 28th of May, 1672. He killed a Dutch admiral, Van Ghent, and beat off his ship; sunk another, which had boarded him; sunk three fire ships, which endeavoured to grapple him, and had nearly 600 men, out of 1000, killed or wounded upon his deck. His ship was, at last, blown up by a fire ship.

plumes of black feathers, and in the midst, upon four shields of his arms, joining in point, an earl's coronet.

The fourth mourning barge for the chief mourner, covered with cloth, without any ornaments; after which, their majesties' and royal highnesses' barges, with divers others of the nobility, as well as of the lord mayor and the several companies of the city.

As the procession passed by the Tower, the great guns were discharged there.

In this order they passed from Deptford, and, about five o'clock in the evening, came to Westminster-bridge,‡ where the body was taken out of the barge, and proceeded thence to the abbey, in manner following:

The marshal's men.
Four conductors, with black staffs.
Fifty poor men, in gowns.
Forty watermen, in mourning coats.
Drums and trumpets.
Officers of arms.
The standard, borne by a person of quality related to the defunct.
Trumpets.
Officers of arms.
The guidon, borne by a person of quality related to the defunct.
Gentlemen, esquires, and knights.
Chirurgeon, physician, secretary, and chaplain to the defunct, in mourning gowns and hoods.
The steward, treasurer, and comptroller to the defunct, with white staffs, in gowns and hoods.
The bishop of Oxon.
Trumpets.
Serjeant trumpeter.
Two officers of arms.

The flag of the union, and the great banner, borne by two persons of quality, of relation to the defunct.

Six officers of arms, bearing the spurs, gauntlet, helm and crests, shield, sword and coat of arms.

A coronet, upon a velvet cushion, borne by a king of arms.

Then the body, the pall supported by four persons of honour; on each side of which were the six bannerets, carried by six persons of quality, and of relation to the defunct.

After the body garter, principal king of arms, between two gentlemen ushers, preceding the chief mourner, whose train

‡ The old name for what we now call the Stairs, at Westminster. Westminster and Whitehall Bridges are frequently mentioned in the early editions of Stowe, and in the View of London, taken in the reign of Elizabeth.

was borne by a gentleman; then followed eight earls assistant, all in mourning gowns and hoods; then divers of the nobility, privy council, and persons of quality, according to their respective dignities, preceded by a gentleman usher in short mourning.

In this order they proceeded to the west end of the abbey (through a double lane of his majesty's guards, who were drawn up on both sides the streets), where the deans, prebends, and choir received them, and so went into Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where the body was interred in a vault on the north side of the choir; which done, the officers broke their white staffs, and garter proclaimed the titles of this most noble earl, deceased

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Fable of Mr. Reynolds's new Comedy, "The Delinquent; or, Seeing Company."

A New comedy, under the above title, has this month been exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre. It is from the prolific pen of Mr. Reynolds, and bears so strong a likeness to his former pieces, that the author could not be mistaken.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Delinquent, - -	Mr. Kemble
Sir Edward Specious, -	Mr. Brunton
Major Tornado, - -	Mr. Munden
Old Doric, - - -	Mr. Fawcett
Young Doric, - -	Mr. Lewis
Dorville, - - -	Mr. Claremont
Tradelove, - - -	Mr. Atkins
Old Nicholas, - -	Mr. Liston
Tom Tackle, - - -	Mr. Emery
Olivia, - - - -	Mrs. H. Johnson
Miss Stoic, - - -	Mrs. Dibdin
Mrs. Aubrey, - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.

FABLE.

Sir Edward Specious, on his travels, meets with the Delinquent in a poor Italian inn, almost perishing for want, and knows him to be the man who wronged and betrayed his father, but, burying in oblivion all past injuries, he offers to protect him, and bring him to England, where the Delinquent secretly wishes to come, for the sake of seeking his lost treasure. They arrive; and, in the first act, it appears that the Delinquent has bound himself to execute whatever his patron orders: and Sir Edward having fallen in love with Miss Olivia Tornado, who is at school at Mrs. Aubrey's, and who thwarts

him in his designs, he orders the Delinquent to arrest her, for money due to him for rent, thus hoping to get Olivia in his power; but, being disappointed, owing to Young Doric's system of seeing company, he commands the Delinquent to bear her on board his yacht, who at first hesitates; but Sir Edward telling him that he shall sail to Northumberland, the very county where he expects to find the lost treasure that he seeks, and to gain which he has revisited England, at all hazards, he consents —and, in the fourth act, when on the point of forcing Olivia on board the yacht, the Delinquent finds she is his own daughter, the very treasure that he sought. Afterwards, in the fifth act, he is persuaded, by Major Tornado, to deliver Olivia to the care of Mrs. Aubrey, who proves to be the wife of the Delinquent, whom he thought dead; and who, having reduced him to disgrace and beggary, turns governess to her daughter, on purpose to teach her to avoid those errors she has herself fallen a victim to—they are, consequently, reconciled—and, by the penitence of Sir Edward, and the benevolence of Major Tornado, the Delinquent is restored to freedom and prosperity.

The comic part of the play consists of the quarrels and reconciliation of Old and Young Doric, architects, and partners; and whilst Lady Courcy (the Delinquent's wife) ruins her husband by *seeing company*, Young Doric is made by it; for, in the end, he gets trade and the hand of Olivia.

In these very simple materials there is no novelty of character, nor of incident. The parts, as in this author's former productions, are written for the present performers, and the interest arises from the satire upon the prominent foibles of the day: Seeing company in fashionable life, with the manner of doing it, is that taken by the author. There was not, however, an idea that had not been retailed before. The two first acts went off extremely well, but the third and fourth were flat and tedious, and met with much disapprobation. The excellent and interesting performance of Mr. Kemble, however, gave a most fortunate turn to the fifth. The play concluded with much applause, and was announced, by Mr. Lewis, for future representation, amidst repeated plaudits.—Olivia is a child of nature; loses her heart, at first sight, to a young man, without knowing who or what he is, and has been supported by an unknown benefactor, whom she meets at a ball, dances with him, and becomes attached to him. An *eclaircissement* takes place, and, in old Major Tornado, she finds the protector assigned by her grandfather, Lord Danvers, when dying of his wounds in India. This is a forced situation, and loses all interest from its improbability. It is also extremely unnatural that the Delinquent, whom we are informed is a gentleman of high blood, and talks of honour and fine sentiment, should, for a paltry consideration, be prevailed on to become an accessary to the lawless

passion

passion of Sir Edward Specious, and carry off, by force, an interesting young woman, such as he hoped to find his child, and who, it appears, is really so. Old Doric is a very faint sketch of Old Rapid; but wanted colouring and richness; nor could that excellent performer, Mr. Fawcett, do any thing for it. Young Doric, the part written for Mr. Lewis, does not differ from all those assigned him in the other modern comedies: he bustled through it with much effect. Major Tornado is that sort of worthy old gentleman Mr. Munden is so happy in delineating. The only attempt at originality of character was Tom Tackle, a Yorkshire sailor, become jockey, which was filled by Mr. Emery, with his usual excellence. Mr. Brunton gave all the interest possible to Sir Edward Specious. Mrs. Gibbs was very interesting in Mrs. Aubrey. Mrs. H. Johnson was loudly greeted on her entrance. She performed with much spirit, and was extremely impressive. She looked very well, and spoke the epilogue with just emphasis and good effect. At the conclusion she threw off a satin drapery, and displayed a purple apron, with Nelson, richly embroidered in gold, on it, and the naval insignia. In her head-dress she wore a pearl ornament, representing a ship, and repeated the following lines to the memory of the departed hero, Lord NELSON, with much energy and feeling. The house was quite full:

Thus having finish'd all my flippant part,
I now must speak the dictates of my heart:
Each smile I wore conceal'd a half-check'd tear,
Which long'd to flow on Nelson's honour'd bier!
At that lov'd name each bosom heaves a sigh,
And drops of sorrow fall from every eye.
His mighty arm, at one tremendous blow,
Hurl'd Britain's thunder on his country's foe;
But in the midst of his resistless fire,
His conquering fleet beheld their chief expire!
Though England's ships in awful triumph ride,
With shatter'd navies captive by their side,
The tidings fame with muffled trumpet brings,
And victory mourns his loss, in sable wings.
Britons, she cries, though now my bosom bleeds,
Your naval sons shall emulate his deeds.
Thus shall his spirit, rising from his grave,
Make future Nelsons triumph on the wave!

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE newest necklaces and watch-chains are of wood of petrified palm tree: It is a whitish colour, susceptible of

a very fine polish, and marked with an infinity of small red spots. Bunches of grapes, made of pearls, are fashionable, not only for ear-rings, but for the backs of combs. Seven or eight large grapes, upon a golden plate, form the back of the comb. The riding coat of a *petit-maitre* ought to be *smoke* of Hamburgh, and the hat of an *elegante, mud* of Paris.

The *caffeurs* assume every day more importance, since our *elegantes* have ceased to wear powder. The *Titus*, or the *Caracalla*, which appears the effect of chance, or nature, in which the hairs appears disposed with negligence, and without design, often costs many hours of the labour and ingenuity of the artist.

Of the Facility of carrying on Commerce with the Interior of the Continent by Means of the Baltic Sea and North of Germany.

[From Mr. Oddy's Treatise on European Commerce.]

THE cities on the south of the Baltic Sea, where commerce first flourished in any northern climate, may again become the depositories of commercial riches; and as the wild warlike spirit of France and Spain banished industry to the north previous to the sixteenth century, the same cause may again produce the same effect; and indeed it is not a little singular that the last twelve years have restored to prosperity many of those places which had been on the decline since the great southern nations cultivated the arts of peace. But those great southern nations have once more adopted a system of warfare, of conquest, and oppression, calculated to banish industry and commerce, which have again fled to the north, where there is still the same wish to cherish, and a much greater power to protect than formerly. When Christianity was introduced into the north, a connexion that was very slender before with Italy and other Christian countries became more strict, the manners of the northern people grew more polished; by degrees the produce of the south and the north was thus interchanged, and commerce settled on the south shores of the Baltic; and along with commerce many arts and manufactures were introduced. Charlemagne, while he introduced Christianity and commerce into the north of Europe, revived it in the south. He rebuilt Genoa, that had been destroyed by the Lombards, and restored Florence, which had been laid in ruins for more than two centuries. The revival of commerce in Europe may be fixed at this period; and in the north it was not a revival but introduction.

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The pagan priests, who had been driven from the converted countries, took refuge in Sweden and Denmark, which were several centuries later in embracing the Christian religion.

The crusades to the Holy Land were a principal cause of the revival of civilization and commerce in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. All the princes, and all the nobles, knights, and gentlemen, of Christendom, took an interest in that great enterprize; they returned more civilized, and better acquainted with the use of those luxuries which southern climates and the luxuries of the east furnish. They had visited Constantinople and Italy, where alone there remained in Europe any vestiges of ancient manners and ancient grandeur; and though the barons of those days had not the advantage of learning, they were not inferior in ambition or natural talents to those of any other age.

The southern shores of the Baltic and the Netherlands owed chiefly their wealth and greatness to this change of manners, which introduced the luxuries of the south and the east into countries to which they were 'till then almost unknown.

It was in the end of the twelfth century that the maritime laws of Oleron were first promulgated by Richard the First of England, on his return from the Holy Land. And in the beginning of the thirteenth century, the marine laws drawn up by the merchants of Wisby (in the isle of Gothland), made their appearance, and became the mercantile code for determining all matters in dispute amongst merchants on all the shores of the Baltic, as well as of all the cities of the Hanseatic league. This proves that commercial matters were become of importance; the nature of trade and the rights and interests of merchants well understood.

Instances of the strange Superstitions prevailing in Roman Catholic Countries.

[From two Letters from Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, to the Countess of Hartford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset.]

Palazzo Ridolsi, Jan. 1, *N. S.* 1741.

THE weather has been so extremely bad of late, that, though two days beyond the usual time have elapsed, the post is not arrived yet. These violent storms and rains the priests and mob attribute to the devils which the virgin of the Imprunetta is casting out of possessed men and women; and which, in their return to Hell, make this disturbance in the air. As this is a lady with whom I am but lately become acquainted, and as at present

sent I have little else to say, I shall allow her to fill up a part of my letter.

A great many years ago—so many that nobody can tell the exact number—the people of Florence began to build a church; but whatever advance they made in the day, (like Penelope's web) was destroyed in the night. Upon this ill success, they determined to take two young unbroken steers, and yoke them together with a great stone hanging down between their necks; and, setting them off, wherever they should stop, to erect there the church. In this they did very right, for the worship they intended was certainly fitter for the judgment of beasts than of men. But to my story. The place at which the animals became tired was about seven miles from the city, among some prune trees belonging to the family of the Buondelmonti. Here they set to work to clear the ground, and dig the foundation—when a lamentable voice struck their ears from below. On this, one of the workmen threw away his pickaxe; and moving the loose earth more lightly, found the image of the Virgin Mary in *terra cotta*, with a child in her arms, and a scar on her forehead that had occasioned the aforesaid cry. This wonderful discovery made them proceed with great alacrity in their work: and she had soon not only a large habitation, but a new order was constituted to her honour and service, with great and unusual privileges annexed to it. And upon all general calamities ever since, she is conducted with great pomp into the city of Florence, and remains in the Duomo, 'till, upon frequent prayers and remonstrances, she is so good as to remove or remedy the evil.

The inundation I wrote you an account of, being the occasion of her present coming amongst us, her entry was preceded by all the religious orders, two and two; the gentlemen and others carrying lighted flambeaus. On each side the guards were drawn out: the streets (made clean) were crowded with common people; and the windows were adorned with tapestry, damask, &c. and filled with ladies. In a large box, about the size of a woman,—covered with seven rich mantles, having as many candles stuck before, and a canopy over it,—passed the *Dama, incognita*; for as this image is only a tile, the priests very justly fear that it would rather raise contempt than veneration if it was seen, and therefore have spread amongst the people a notion that whosoever sees it is immediately struck blind. She still remains at the cathedral; whither all the *great* vulgar, and the *little*, go to pay their devotions. But the weather, as I said before, having not at all mended since her arrival, they have deferred her return 'till the sun shines, that it may be attributed to her; and in the mean time they find out people possessed with devils, that she may divert herself in driving them out. She

was followed in her march by the senate of forty-eight, in their crimson robes, with all the officers of justice.

This abominable nonsense I have always forborne to trouble you with; though in all the Italian towns, I have seen instances of it. I remember, when I was at Lucca, a knight of Malta who led me about the cathedral (which is a very ancient one), perceiving that I looked at what appeared to me a better sort of sentry-box, standing on one side of the middle aisle, told me that it was the repository of the Volto Santo; and perceiving, by my manner of answering, that I did not understand what he meant, he told me that a great sculptor having designed a crucifix, and not being able to form it to his mind, went to bed very much discontented; and on the next morning this was brought to him by angels, ready made, from Heaven. I asked of what material it was formed? he answered, of wood; and I very gravely replied, I did not know before that trees grew in Heaven. He said (believing me really surprised at my new discovery) that God has a mind to shew his power. This once a year, and once only, is exposed; at which time they say, people are so eager to see it, that, crowding in, many break their limbs, and some lose their lives: yet at the same time their glory is to admit no Jews, Jesuits, nor inquisition, in their territory.

You have now had enough of wonders; but surely it is the greatest, that rational creatures can thus divest themselves of reason. Having given you this specimen, I shall trouble you no more upon the subject, whatever miracle I may encounter, before I have the pleasure of assuring you in person of the sincere attachment with which

I am your's,

H. L. POMFRET.

Another Letter from Rome.

After I had sealed my letter to your ladyship, I was conducted by the Signora Cenei through the streets for near three miles. All the way we went, wherever there happened to be *pizzicaroli* shops (that is, where hams, tongues, and other salted meats, are sold) they were set out with greens, flowers, and paintings of landscapes in perspective, one room behind another, and little glass lamps burning in every part. They made the prettiest scene imaginable, and recalled Vauxhall to my memory: which seemed to have been cut in pieces and sent here. This ceremony is to welcome in Easter, when the trade begins to be again flourishing. I was told that the confectioners do the same by their shops at Christmas. The place we went to see was la Trinita del Pelegrini—a community first settled in the time of Pope Julius the Third. They have a cardinal protector, a prelate,

late, a guardian, and a numerous brotherhood of all degrees, out of whom are deputed the upper officers. These are most of them noble, and, as well as the others, wear a red glazed linen frock over their clothes, and a white short apron tied about their waists, when they are performing any part of their duty in the house, or when they attend processions. For the latter every one receives six-pence, and a wax-torch of four pounds weight. All this goes to the public expence; but they have, besides, great fixed revenues, and almost daily donations that are left or given to them. Here are received, the whole year round, all pilgrims who can bring a patent from the bishop of their diocese, or the pope's nuncio, to certify that devotion is the occasion of their journey, and that forty miles is the shortest distance they have come.

When we arrived, a person in the dress I have before described, attended by two others that held torches, gave me his hand to get out of the coach; and I, not then knowing that the nobility for mortification occasionally exercised these employments in person, was surprised to find it the husband of the lady who brought me. She overlooked, for that evening, the apartment of the women, where we were first conducted. We entered a very large room, with long tables on each side, which this night was to entertain two hundred and sixty; for always in Passion-week the number is greatest. The manner in which they are served is this: A sallad is placed in the middle, round which are five other dishes well filled and prettily garnished; and next to these, four white jugs, with as many white bowls to drink out of, that cover them; then the sallad and five dishes again, and then other white jugs; and so alternately, from one end of the table to the other. Benches are placed on each side: and there are four people to each mess; each having, also, a plate of soup and a wooden spoon. All they leave is their own; and they are entertained three nights (but no more) with supper and lodging When we entered, the room was full of people well dressed, that, by way of penance, came to wait on these poor beggars, who all attended in adjoining rooms 'till their meal was in order. I looked in; but cannot describe the dirt, the noise, and oddness of the crew, that had arrived from all parts of the known world. When they were placed, the prelate (in the same red frock) gave the benediction, and they began to eat heartily.

As I went down the room, one of the attendants, who waited with great diligence (as they all did), stole so much time from her office as to turn about and tell me, that she intended, as soon as this week of devotion was over, to make me a visit. I was so much amazed, that I did not know what to answer, when the Signora Cenci whispered me, that it was the Duchess St. Martino, and added (smiling), "This is nothing: we all come by

turns: and wash their feet on other nights: but as they have made a procession to day to St. Peter's, there is no time." I said, "I hoped their feet were washed by themselves first?" "No, indeed," said she: "Last night I am sure they were not, for I performed that office myself."

The place where they sleep is a long room, and wide enough to admit of two beds on each side, one at the foot of the other: through all these I walked to the bottom, where is an altar, and upon it a crucifix, for their devotions. Two people lie in each bed, and they have clean sheets twice a week. Having seen this, we went next to the men's apartment (but I must not forget to tell you, that men are only permitted to see the men, and women the women, unless by a particular order), which is much larger and more handsome; they having two rooms to eat in, and two to sleep in.

The crowd of pilgrims and others that came to see them was so offensive to my nose, that I could with great difficulty support the walking through them, to see the place where they wash their feet. It is a square room, with raised benches on all sides, and lower benches under for their feet to rest on: with little tubs, and two cocks of water, one hot and the other cold, to each person. To my great comfort, there was a door to get to our coaches without returning again to the 760 pilgrims; for that number was feasted to-night, besides the ladies I saw above. The order, the plenty, the cleanliness, and I may say elegance, in which they are served, is prodigious, and took my admiration so much that I fear I have extended my discourse about it to a tiresome length. However, I will be moderate in what regards to-day; of which I can only tell you, that I staid at home all the morning; drove about the streets after dinner; and drank tea this evening with Lord Lincoln, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dashwood, Mr. Naylor, &c. some or all of whom, besides foreigners, come to us every evening during these latter days of Lent, when company do not meet in public.

FINNISH PROVERBS.

THE good man spareth from his peck; but the wicked will not give from a bushel.

The wise man knoweth what he shall do; but fools try every thing.

There is no deliverance through tears; neither are evils remedied through sorrow.

The work is ended which is begun; there is time lost to say, what shall I do?

The tool of the industrious man is sharp; but the ploughshare of the fool wanteth grinding.

Answer, by T. Bullock, of St. Columb, to Adrianus's Rebus, inserted April 22.

YOUR succour's a *prop*, your diphthong *æ*,
And Luna the tides doth controul;
These parts fitly join'd most clearly display,
The PROPŒTIDES to be your whole.

Answer, by J. James, of Hinton St. George, to J. Callaway's Rebus, inserted the 16th of September.

TO SURGERY, an useful science,
While we are whole we bid defiance.

*** Similar answers have been received from W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; John Woodman, jun. of North Curry; J. Lake, of Exeter; a north country sailor at Exmouth; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; William Cassons, J. Hurle, and F. Symes, of Bristol; T. Gill, an officer of excise near Wells; S. C. Moore, of Hotswell House; Palemon, of Mevagissey; Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; J. Lewis, of Poole; Devoniensis; and Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes.

Answer, by Thomas Gill, Officer of Excise near Wells, to W. Tucker's Rebus, inserted September 23.

ALL cares depart, all sorrows fly,
When fast asleep in BED we lie.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; a north country sailor at Exmouth; W. R. at Mr. Monk's school at Child Okeford; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; J. Lake, of Exeter; H. Lewan, of Grampound: R Perring, of Kingsbridge; Palemon, of Mevagissey; T. W. Z. J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Codd, jun. of Dean Prior; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; W. Gregory; and Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes.

A REBUS, by J. Lewis, of Poole.

A Furious beast you first will find;
My next one of the feather'd kind;
Thirdly a serpent you must tell;
Lastly a fish that you know well:
The initials join, and you, with trying,
Will find a plant that's us'd in dying.

A CHARADE, by T. Rutger, of Clowance.

WHEN winter veil'd in gloom profound,
Display's each gloomy prospect drear,
No more my first with verdure crown'd,
Doth choice enamell'd beauties wear.

Scanty my next, as o'er the plains
The lowing herds and flocks oft stray,
Hush'd are the groves where music reigns,
Crown'd with the roseate charms of May.

Still doth my whole, from climes remote,
Then seek a refuge on our shore:
Now, bards, I only this have wrote,
Its name you quickly may explore.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the Death of Mr. Thomas Joachim, a young Man, greatly esteemed and universally lamented.

THE fairest flow'rs must fade; the brightest day
Glides, like a meteor, suddenly away:
Vain are our hopes; our noblest actions vain;
And all our pleasures terminate in pain.
Lo! in the bloom and vigour of thy years,
When buxom health the sportive fancy cheers;
When bold ambition leads th' adventrous mind,
In search of bliss impossible to find;
Hast thou, poor youth! our short existence prov'd,
And sunk in death—lamented and belov'd.
Yet why are friends by ceaseless grief oppress'd?
Why mourn for him who mingles with the blest?
For him who, snatch'd from life's corroding woes,
Sleeps on the couch of undisturb'd repose?
Ye young and gay who, emulous of bliss,
Think to possess it in a world like this,
Here pause awhile, and in the page of truth
Peruse the sad uncertainties of youth:
Like the lov'd youth, whose memory I revere,
You too may prove but transient pilgrims here;
And robb'd of health, deluded victims fall
To that dread pow'r that sways the fate of all.
Aw'd by this truth, which whelms the soul in fear,
Teach us, good Lord! thy precepts to revere;
Teach us thy word; and by thy grace impart
Its lasting influence o'er each rebel heart;
Thus when the tyrant, arm'd with hostile pow'r,
Bursts on the sight in some unthought-of hour,
His swift approach may we undaunted view,
And bid our cares eternally adieu!

HENRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES WRITTEN TO A FRIEND.

THESE humble lines I send unto my friend,
But let not here our youthful friendship end;
This once I take my hesitating pen,
But yet, thro' modesty, suppress my name,
To show to thoughtless, inconsistent man,
The sad effects intemperance doth bring;
O! how can man, endued with sense supreme,
Make that his pleasure which doth ruin bring?
For only picture to yourself the man,
That doth to drinking give the all he can!
I do not thus, my friend, allude to you;
Believe me, 'tis the worst thing you can do,

My

My heart is touch'd to think that man should be
So bent to plunge into eternity!
O! how can men strike off the debt they owe
To Christ, from whom all happiness doth flow?
How can he thus his Saviour's death contemn,
Lost to himself, and to the sons of men?
From solid happiness, from friendship mov'd,
Withdraws himself from every thing that's good!
Sincerest friendship never can be his
Whose scatter'd thoughts are ever in a maze.
Yet stubborn man must thus convicted stand,
Before that awful, great, and just command
Of that great God who reigns above the sky.
How will he rise to meet that awful day,
To give account for all his actions past,
From the first dawn of youth until the last.
May you, my friend, live well, while here below,
In genuine greatness, and in goodness grow!
And when you shall be call'd to quit this shore,
Rise to that Throne where pains can reach no more.

Sherborne. M. H. J.

TO CONTENTMENT.

BRIGHT source of bliss, celestial maid! infuse
Thy genial rays upon th' invoking muse;
Teach him, unfetter'd, in thy smiles, to live,
Let him thy heavenly influence receive!
Then, at the approach of each revolving day,
His grateful tribute th' enraptur'd bard shall pay;
Possess'd of thee, the poorest menial knows
Joy undisturb'd, and lives in calm repose;
While monarchs, resting on their canop'd down,
Still keenly feel thy long continued frown;
Yet the rough boor, expos'd to winter snows,
With thee repines not, but with rapture glows.
Vainly doth grandeur dazzle, if you preside not there,
E'en splendour's rays but shade affliction and despair.

Since pomp nor riches then possess the power
To soothe the troubled mind, or pensive hour,
Bright source of bliss! propitious deign to hear,
And kindly grant thy suppliant votary's prayer;
Not grandeur's tasteless pomp, or glittering gems,
I supplicate—such toys the muse contemns;
But this, fair goddess, if my bark shall glide
Gently the ocean, with propitious tide,
Or, 'stead of meeting with a prosperous gale,
Should adverse winds, or raging storms assail,
Teach me, without alloy, to prize the tranquil state,
Or calmly meet, unmov'd, the harsh decrees of fate.

EPIGRAM.

SO long yon virgin has surviv'd her prime,
Her breast seem'd chill'd by the cold hand of time;
The softer passions long have lost their power,
Scandal and cards waste now each joyless hour;
She who, by charms, has ceased to wound the heart,
At reputation points the envenom'd dart;
And, in the gamester's skill profoundly school'd,
Our love she wins not, but she wins our gold.